WOODMAN,

Spare That Tree.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough,
In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now;
'Twas my forefather's hand
That plac'd it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters play'd.
My mother kissed me here;
My father press'd my hand:
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let the old oak stand!

My heart-string round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild birds sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storms still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot!
While I'v a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

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